It did me yeomans ſervice; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare,
And ſtand a *Comma* 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the modell of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave't thimpreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
Hor. So *Guyldenſtern* and *Roſencraus* go to't.
Ha. They are not neare my conſcience, their defeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.
Hor. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Does it not, think you, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſenage, is't not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*
Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doeſt know this Water-flye?

Hora.

Hora. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice
him; he hath much land and fertill, let a beaſt be Lord
and his crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe; 'tis a chough
ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.
Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure I ſ
part a thing to you from his Majeſty.
Ham. I will receive it ſir with all diligence of ſpirit;
net to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.
Cour. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No beleeve me 'tis very cold, the wind is No
Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. But yet me thinks it is very ſoultry and hot, fo
plexion.
Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as 'tw
not tell how: my Lord, his Majeſty bad me ſignifie unt
a has laid a great wager on your head, ſir this is the mat
Ham. I beſeech you remember.
Cour. Nay good my Lord, for my eaſe in good faith.
newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeve mee an abſolu
man, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſo
great ſhewing: indeed, to ſpeake feelingly of him, he
or Kalendar of Gentry, for you ſhall finde in him the c
what part a Gentleman would ſee.
Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in yo
know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th'arit
memory, and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his q
but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be ſoule o
ticle, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to
diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who
trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him
Ham. The concernancy ſir, why do we wrap the Ge
our more rawer breath?
Cour. Sir.
Hora. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another to
will doe't ſir really.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentl